

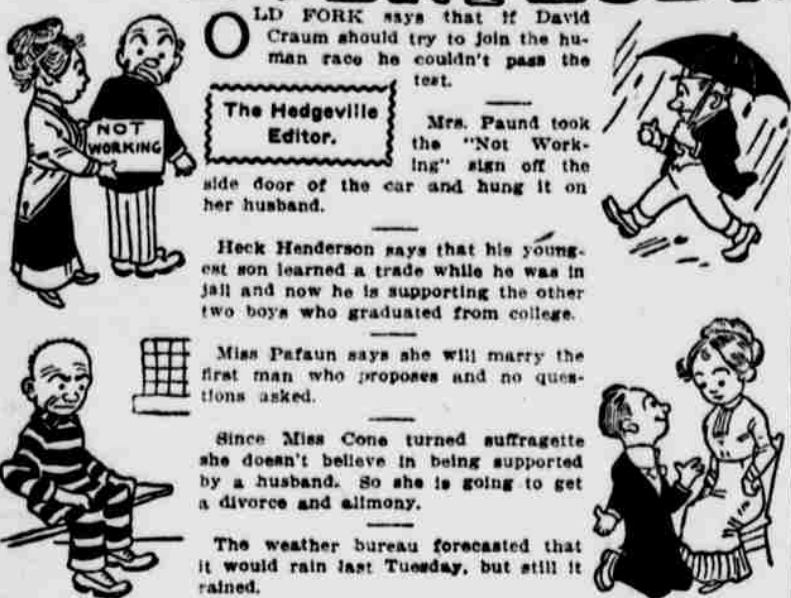
"S'Matter, Pop?"

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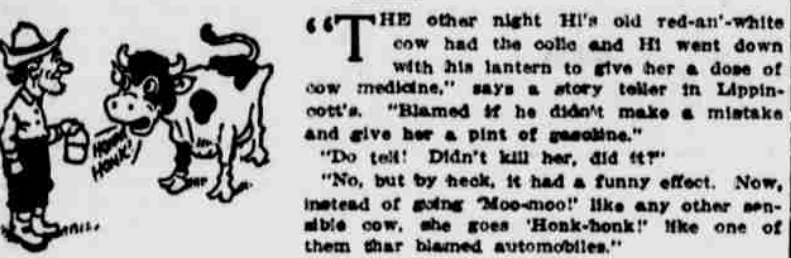
By C. M. Payne



HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY.



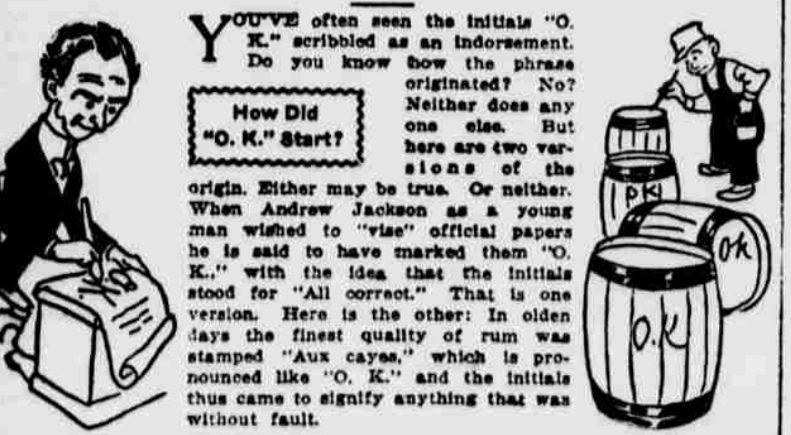
"I thought you and your wife were going to move this fall!"
"We were. But she changed our mind."



"Sir, I've seen better days, and—"
"Well, so have I, my man. But I'm not responsible for the weather and I've no time to stop and discuss it."



"Wouldn't you induce him to peel anything off his coat?"
"Feel nothing! That coat's so tight it would have to be blasted."



The Day's Good Stories

Poor Girl!
"If you were asked to get ready to start next Thursday on a long journey, do you think you could do so?" asked her rich employer, who was a widow. "Oh, I—much would depend upon the kind of journey it was to be," she replied. "I am a pleasant journey—a journey that would last a month or more!" "And should I have company on the journey?" "Well, I hadn't thought of that. No, I don't believe you would, I should expect you to go alone." "Then I don't believe I could get ready," she said, turning to her typewriter and making four mistakes in the first line of the letter she had begun. —Chicago Record-Herald.

A Sav'g Disposition.
A funeral in Scotland a stranger died in a coffin black had taken a place in one of the coffins. His presence had attracted the curiosity of one of the other three persons, who thus addressed him: "No," replied the gloomy stranger, "I'm so black, I'm not a friend of the coffin!" "Not that, either," admitted the stranger, "I tell the truth, I'm not used myself, and as my father has ordered me to take some carriage

One Sinner Needed.
In a Kansas town where two brothers are engaged in the real-estate business a revival was recently held and the elder of the brothers was converted. For weeks he tried to persuade his brother to join the church. One day he said: "Why can't you join the church like I did?" "It's a fine thing for you to be doing," replied the younger brother. "If I join, will you wait the coal?" —Kansas City Star.

An Eighth Wonder.
The ex-convict girl was talking to the college man. "What are you going to do, now you have completed your education?" she asked. "I am going to live on my own," he answered, briefly. "I am disappointed in you. Why don't you do some great deed to show the world how clever you are?" "My dear young woman, if I succeed in living on my income it will be the cleverest deed any man ever accomplished." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Free at Last!
In the audience among some of the theatrical managers occasionally he entertains the managers of the local ball teams at their theatre. A young recruit from the high grass joined the Giants one day, and that night went with his new teammates to a play as a guest of the manager. The place did not appeal to the man, though, and he failed to appear with any degree of

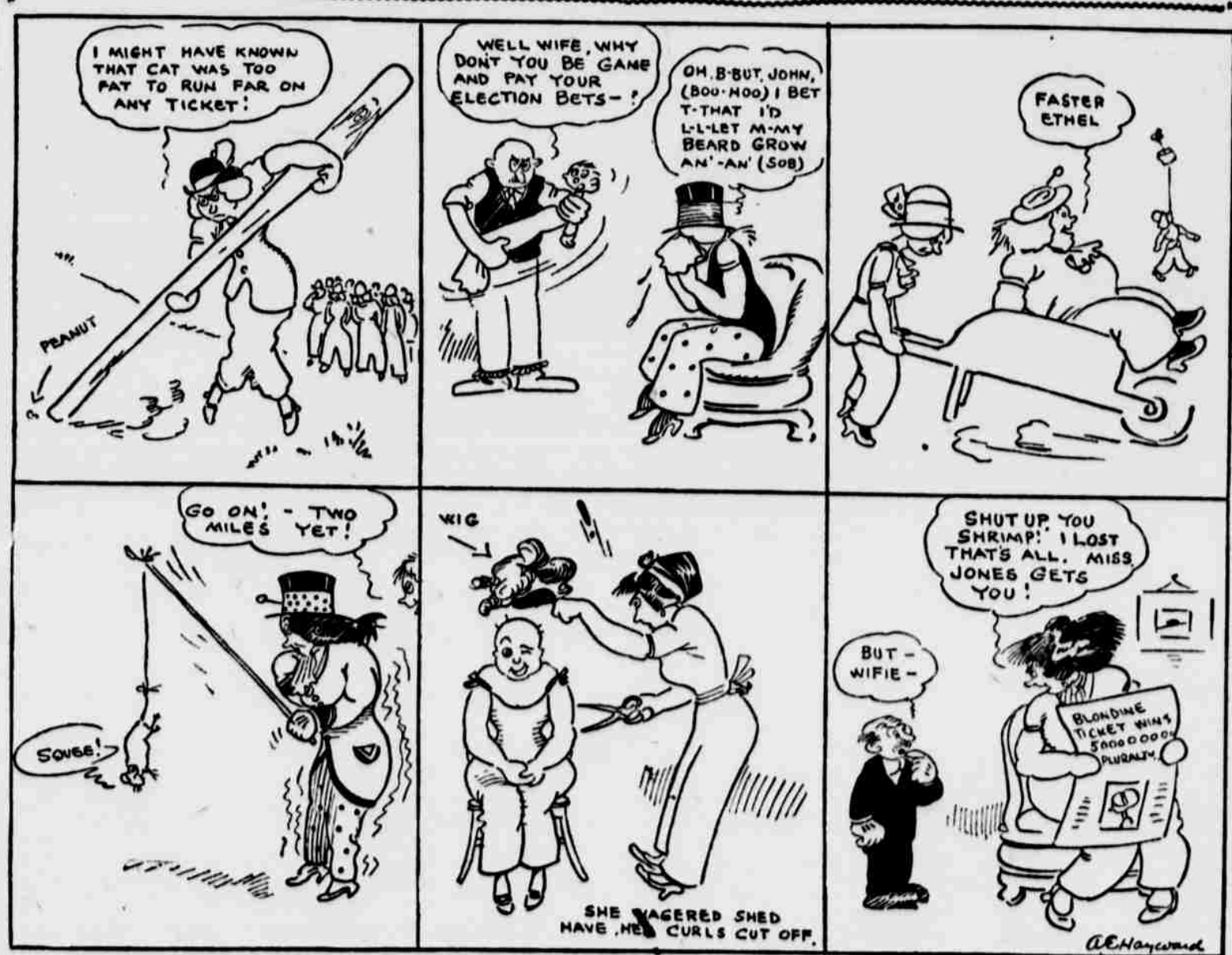
O. Heeza Boob!

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Some Day---(Maybe)

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The Coming of the Law

"THE TWO-GUN MAN'S" Greatest Novel
By Charles Alden Seltzer

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Kent Hollis, a New York newspaperman, goes to Dry Bottom to do a story on a local ranch and newspaper. Soon after leaving the city he is met by a crowd of cowboys and a posse of men, and one of them, Hollis, is taken to a saloon, where he introduces himself to Judge Graney, the local lawman. Hollis, who is a writer for the New York Evening World, is taken to the local saloon, where he introduces himself to Judge Graney, the local lawman. Hollis, who is a writer for the New York Evening World, is taken to the local saloon, where he introduces himself to Judge Graney, the local lawman.

CHAPTER III.

Norton Makes a Discovery.

HOLLIS' thoughts flitted rapidly from Dunlavy to the girl. Now that he had decided to stay he had determined to search her out. He remembered that Dunlavy had spoken slightly of her brother and he assured himself that he would not be entirely satisfied until he had uncovered the mystery. He might have questioned Norton or the Judge, for both men evidently knew the girl, but he was reluctant to betray his interest in her to either man. He heard Norton make an exclamation of surprise and looking up, he saw him holding his right hand out, the palm upward, examining it. There was a smudge of blood on the palm and another on the under side of the thumb. "Shucks!" Norton was saying. "Now where in thunder did I get that?" He looked again at the hand and then suddenly dove forward to Hollis's side, seized his right hand, peered at the knuckle and held the hand triumphantly aloft. "I reckon this is where I got it!" he grinned. Hollis looked ruefully down at his knuckles. The skin was scratched and where it had come in contact with a bone in either Dunlavy's or Yuma's jaw. He had intended to keep the story of adventure to himself. But he saw that Norton had stepped back and was gazing soberly at the suitcases, which Hollis had deposited near the door. Norton suddenly let out a chirp of delight. "Two of them!" he said, suppressing his excitement. "Two grips! Red Eggers said there was two an' that the tenderfoot had come down toward the court house." He walked to Hollis and halted in front of him, looking at him with admiration and satisfaction. "Own up now!" he said. "You ain't tellin' us that it wasn't you, durn you! Oh, say!" He uttered a whoop that must have startled the horses in front of the building. Then he whined down, speaking in a low, regretful voice. "You durn tenderfoot! Here I've been waitin' for years to get a crack at that big four-flusher, an' here you come, a-fan-nin' along from your little old East an' get ahead of me!" He lifted a cackle of mirth. "An' so you're lookin' for action? Lordy! If you don't call what you done! Dunlavy an' Yuma, them two country's goin' to eat up an' take notice when you get to goin' in earnest!" Judge Graney loomed somberly over the table. "It wasn't me, it must have been you!" he said gravely. Hollis nodded. "I may as well confess," he said. "I saw a man giving a young lady a mighty bad moment and I slugged him. Another man called me a vile name and I slugged him, too. That was all!" The Judge sat down again, his face slightly pale. A significant glance passed between him and Norton, and the latter laughed grimly. "I reckon he's opened the ball, right off the reel," he suggested. "Yes," he returned. "I suppose that way is as good as any other. It was bound to come anyway. It will be war to the finish now!" Hollis had little time for reflection. At Norton's words two men sprang forward to the buckboard and he saw his suitcase disappear into the darkness in the direction of a light that he now saw flickering from some little distance. He jumped out of the buckboard and saw another man spring to the horse's head and lead them away into the darkness. Then he followed Norton into the light from the open doorway. Presently he was shaking hands with a man who stood there, whose chief articles of clothing were a shirt and a wooden shirt. Almost instantly, it seemed, two of the others had returned and Norton was introducing them as "Ace," "Lanky" and "Vagabond." Hollis found himself inside the bunkhouse, where he was critically inspected by the three men—and before he left, by the fourth, who answered to the name of "Bud." Norton told him that these four comprised his outfit. He was acting as blacksmith. Hollis remained with the men long enough to announce that there would be no change; that he intended to hang on and fight for his rights. (To Be Continued.)